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THE GOLDEN AGE OF LITERATURE.

BEFORE giving facts to shew why this nineteenth century is entitled to the above title, it will be well to inquire the rates of literary remuneration authors received in former times—men 'who daily scribbled for their daily bread.' Tasso was reduced to such poverty that he was obliged to borrow a crown for a week's subsistence; Cervantes, the Spanish genius, wanted food; Corneille died in great poverty; Spenser lived in great want. Letters patent under the Great Seal were graciously granted by James I. to the learned antiquary, Stow, permitting him, as a reward for his labours and travel for forty-five years, 'to gather the benevolence of well-disposed people within this realm of England—to ask, gather, and take the alms of all our loving subjects!' This was to be published by the clergy from their pulpits; and one parish in the City generously sent seven-and-sixpence! The immortal Shakespeare received only L5 for *Hamlet*, though his commentators have been greatly enriched by their various editions of his plays. (Dr Johnson had L375 for his first, and L100 for his second, edition of the great dramatist's works.) Till he was thirty-one, Milton did not earn a penny for himself. *Paradise Lost* was completed by the 27th April 1667, he being then fifty-eight years of age. On that day it was sold to Samuel Simmons the bookseller for L5 down, with a promise of L5 more when thirteen hundred copies of the first edition should have been sold; another L5 more when thirteen hundred copies of the second edition should be sold; and so on for successive editions. It was not, however, till 1674, the year of his death, that the second edition was published; and in December 1680, Milton's widow parted with all her interest in the work for L8, paid by Simmons. The daughter of Milton had to crave alms from the admirers of her father. Tonson, in 1739, obtained an injunction to restrain another bookseller from printing *Paradise Lost*, Tonson and his family deriving great benefit from its sale. The elder Tonson was, says Mr Disraeli, at first unable to pay L20 for a play by Dryden, and joined with

another bookseller to advance that sum; the play sold, and Tonson was afterwards enabled to purchase the succeeding ones. He and his nephew died worth L200,000. Dryden sold Tonson ten thousand verses for L268.

Dr Johnson thought that there existed among authors no other motive but writing for money; however that may be, the price that the great doctor had for his work, the Dictionary, was exhausted long before his work was concluded. Smollett wore himself out for inadequate literary remuneration, and died in poverty, almost broken-hearted, in a foreign land. He is buried in the English cemetery at Leghorn; and had he lived a few more years, he would have been entitled to an estate of L1000 a year. He wrote: 'Had some of those who were pleased to call themselves my friends been at any pains to deserve that character, and told me ingenuously what I had to expect in the capacity of an author, when I first professed myself of that venerable fraternity, I should in all probability have spared myself the incredible labour and chagrin I have since undergone.'

Bernard Lintot, the bookseller, has left a curious account-book, entitled *Copies when Purchased*. Mr Disraeli, in his *Quarrels and Calamities of Authors*, gives some particulars from it; but a more extended list will be found in the *Percy Anecdotes*. According to this, Pope received L215 for each of the six volumes of his translation of Homer, and also a further sum from 654 subscribers—amounting altogether to L5320. 'No such encouragement to literature had ever before been manifested,' says Mr Carruthers. He secured his life from want by considerable annuities. The estate of the Duke of Buckingham was found to be charged with L500 a year, payable to Pope. He also bought the lease of his house at Twickenham—that is, L500 a year and a villa out of L5000! The king gave L200 and the Prince L100 for their copies. For the *Odyssey*, Pope received L2855, paying L700 to his assistants, Elijah Fenton and Broome. For some smaller poems contributed to *Miscellaneous Poems and Translations by several Hands*, 1712, he received for *Windsor Forest*, L32, 5s.; for *Ode on St Cecilia's*

Day, L.15; and *Temple of Fame*, L.32, 5s. Pope is stated to have satirised the Duchess of Marlborough in the character of Atossa, and received L.1000 from her Grace to suppress the satire; but a writer in the *Athenæum* stated that it was not the Duchess of Marlborough, but the Duchess of Buckingham that Atossa was meant for.

To return to Lintot's book. Gay, for his *Wife of Bath*, received L.25; for his *Trivia*, L.43; and *Three Hours after Marriage*, L.43, 2s. 6d. Dr Sewell, for his *Observations on the Tragedy of Jane Shore*, received only a guinea. Theobald was to have translated for Lintot the twenty-four books of Homer's *Odyssey* into English blank verse; also the four tragedies of Sophocles, called *Œdipus Tyrannus*, *Œdipus at Colonus*, *Trachiniae*, and *Philoctetes*, into English blank verse, with explanatory notes. He was to receive for every four hundred and fifty Greek verses, with the notes, L.2, 10s.! Rather different to Pope's gains. The facetious Dr King received only L.5 for the *History of Cajamai*; but obtained L.32, 5s. for the *Art of Cookery*; and the same sum for the *Art of Love*. The highest prices paid by Lintot are for plays: Dr Young, for his *Busiris*, had L.84; Smith for *Phædra and Hippolytus*, L.50; Rowe for *Jane Shore*, L.50, 15s., and *Jane Grey*, L.75, 15s.; Cibber obtained L.105 for the copyright of the *Nonjuror*. For a seventh share of *Captain Cook's Voyages*, Lintot gave L.7, 3s. Jacob, for his *Accomplished Conveyancer*, had L.105; Keill, for his *English Astronomy*, L.100.

Sheridan, for translating *Pizarro*, received L.1500; as a contrast to which, we may mention that Goldsmith sold his *Vicar of Wakefield* for L.10. Johnson had three hundred guineas for his *Lives of the Poets*; Dr Darwin L.600 for his *Botanic Garden*; and Gibbon L.600 for his *History*. Disraeli tells us that at the sale of the Robinsons, the copyright of *Vyse's Spelling-book* was sold for L.2200, with an annuity of L.52, 10s. to the author!

Charles Lamb, in writing to Bernard Barton, a poet who consulted him about starting as a professional author, said: 'Literature is a very bad crutch, but a very good walking-stick.' In this opinion Mr Froude seems to agree; but it certainly is not applicable at the present time, and though we are far from recommending young men to venture without fitness into such a pursuit, in no occupation is it so easy to earn L.200 or L.300 a year; though it is certainly difficult, even in this golden age of literature, to earn L.700 or L.800. As a modern writer has well expressed it: 'Those who live by writing, must write to live; and they must write too much, too fast, and on too many subjects, to write as well, and think as deeply, as those who can wait five years for the payment of their labours—who will not starve if they be never paid at all. They may write brilliant leading articles, or graceful poems, or delightful stories; but how can they find time to think out a great work of history, politics, or philosophy; how can they spare the mental labour necessary to produce a book which shall influence statesmen, engage the attention of sages, or

command the acceptance of a nation? How, in one word, can they have leisure and energy thoroughly to master any subject whatever? The power of brain-work is limited, the hours of the day are numbered, and both are fully occupied with uttering; there is no time to think. Men who live by teaching lack leisure to learn.'

In days now happily gone by, an author had to write a fulsome dedication to his book, hoping to get a good present from his patron; but now authors write for the public, and the publishers take good care to cater to its taste. The sums publishers pay authors now for their works are wonderful—a striking contrast to those paid in former times. Scott, even after the failure of Bantyne & Co., reduced their debts from L.117,000 to L.54,000, which latter sum was paid by his executors out of the moneys arising from his life insurance, copyright property, and other literary remains. With respect to living writers, we have only the authority of the newspapers for what follows; but even if they magnify in some cases, the exaggeration is significant. It is stated that Lord (then Sir E. B.) Lytton received L.100 for each week's instalment of *A Strange Story*; and that Mr Wilkie Collins received L.5000 for a novel contributed to the *Cornhill*. Messrs Blackwood and Sons are said to have paid Miss Evans L.2500 for *Silas Marner*, L.4000 for *The Mill on the Floss*, and L.7000 for *Romola*. The *Literary Budget* stated that in 1862 Mr Coventry Patmore was paid L.2000 by Messrs Macmillan & Co. for his *Victories of Love*, contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine*—or about a guinea a line. Messrs Strahan & Co., the publishers of *Good Words*, placed L.5000 to the credit of Dr Guthrie, for the purpose of his going to the Holy Land and there writing a Commentary on the Bible, to be published in penny numbers. The same publishers paid L.1000 to Mr Millais for twelve illustrations to *The Parables read in the Light of the Present Day*, by Guthrie. Messrs Lacroix & Co. of Brussels stated that they paid Victor Hugo L.16,000, or 400,000 francs, for *Les Misérables*; but the author was for twenty-three years engaged on the work. According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the same publishers have just signed a contract with Victor Hugo to purchase, for the sum of L.12,000, the right of publication for a limited term of an historical novel in four volumes entitled *Par Ordre du Roi* (By Order of the King), the scene of which is laid in England, at the close of the seventeenth century; together with a volume of poems entitled *Fin de Satan*, and a volume composed of three dramas not intended for representation, and entitled *Théâtre en Liberté*.

Mr Tennyson is said to have been offered L.4000 a year by his new publishers for the exclusive right to publish his works.

There was certainly never such an opening for young authors or for those who dabble in literature in addition to another calling, as at present. To take in a copy of all the periodicals for one

year would cost, exclusive of the Transactions of the Learned Societies, L.450; of which about sixty guineas would be laid out in quarterlies, L.160 in monthlies, and L.230 in periodicals published at shorter intervals, principally weeklies. A single copy of each would cost L.30; they number about 750. In addition to this, there are thousands of newspapers which are able and willing to pay well for their articles; and then there is the Reporters' Gallery, from which, as has been well said, a man can rise to anything.

A COUNTY FAMILY.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE SHADOW IN THE SUNSHINE.

THE evening passed away without any further reference on Mr Moffat's part to the subject which had so embarrassed his host; but he had already sown the seed of disquiet in the latter's breast. Anthony Blackburn could not but have expected that his confidential man of business must needs, sooner or later, have put to him so pregnant a question—it was clearly necessary that he should convince himself of the existence or demise of his client's only son—and yet he had found himself quite unprepared to answer it. He was conscious that he had hesitated in his reply, and felt that he might very possibly have aroused suspicion; and all the time his grand-daughter was singing, and while his fingers seemed to move in accord with her tunes, he was reproaching himself with his want of readiness, and devising plans for setting the lawyer's doubts at rest. He could never suffer him to leave the house with this idea of something amiss upon his mind, to grow and grow, until perhaps it took some monstrous shape, as bad as the reality itself. Accordingly, when the lawyer rose to take his leave, his host insisted upon his having brandy and water and a cigar, in what was called 'the Squire's Room,' a cosy chamber decorated after the family fashion with portraits of horse and hound, the possession of which had at various periods dignified the Blackburn race. Stuffed fish of portentous size, that had fallen victims to brother Richard's rod and landing-net, adorned the walls; the bell-ropes were fox brushes earned by Ferdinand; and on the mantelpiece was a mighty drinking-horn with silver edge, the contents of which Charles had been wont to empty at a draught before being helped to bed. The window of this apartment was at the back of the house, and opened upon a portion of the stable-yard; and in times not very remote, the diversion of cock-fighting had been carried on outside, while the inmates sat at ease, as in an opera-box, and wagered, pipe in mouth, upon the result of the conflict. Perhaps, upon the whole, it was of all the rooms in the house the one most redolent of the family fragrance; and when the door opened to Anthony's touch, a crowd of memories seemed to come forth to greet him, which, although by no means hallowed, had a certain impressiveness; for all these jolly sportsmen, dicers, drinkers that he had known or heard of had been his kith and kin, and were now dead.

'It was in this room, Moffat, that I tasted my first whiff of tobacco,' quoth Anthony, gazing earnestly around. 'My father filled the pipe, and laughed till he cried, when the fumes made me ill. It seems but yesterday! How well I remember that old print yonder of the prize-fight! One of the men is Mendoza; and that old fellow with the lady is Old Q. at ninety years of age with his nurse. Old Q. was Queensberry, you know.'

'Yes, yes,' said the lawyer; 'the Duke, of course. He was quite childish for years before his death.'

'Ah,' said Anthony suddenly, 'that reminds me, Moffat, it is a thing that may happen to either one of us in a year or two, for we are not young men; and I wish to provide at once against it.—Here, mix your liquor for yourself, and take a cigar, and let us have a quiet chat together about business.—I wish to make—to give you instructions about my will.'

'Your will, sir? I hope it may be many years'—(The Squire motioned with his hand impatiently.) 'But there, as you would say, it is well to provide against the worst, and while we are in health, to do those things, which, being undone, may make sickness an anxious time.'

'My father, as I understood,' said the old Squire thoughtfully, puffing at his cigar, 'placed my name in his will without putting it into the entail at all.'

'Just so, sir. He left, failing your brothers and their heirs, the whole estate to you absolutely and at your own disposal.'

'No thanks to him, sir,' exclaimed Anthony hotly. 'I've no more gratitude for what he did than he felt towards the fox whose brush gave him yonder bell-handle. Why should I?'

'Well, certainly your father little thought that you would ever be the Squire here, when he made that will, sir; and, by-the-bye, his instructions for it were given singularly enough in this very room. My uncle told me all about it, when he came home that day—and vexed enough he was that matters had so turned out, for, like myself, he had always wished you well.'

'Never mind his wishes, Mr Moffat; let me know what he said about the will.'

'Nay, there was not much to tell, sir. I know, of course, how bitter your father was against you, and how resolved to cut you off. But still I thought there might be some remembrance—a legacy or something—and it gave me quite a shock sir, it did, upon my sacred word and honour, when my uncle Robert told me what had happened. Mr Ferdinand, you see, was but a lad at the time; and your other brothers mere children; and it seemed so certain that if one died the others would live—and then their children—why, your chance seemed out of the question altogether. "I wish," said your father, "to make an eldest son of Ferdinand, and to leave the Manor in entail to him and his heirs; and they failing, I would do the same with Charles, and then with Richard." Well, you remember how bad your father was to cross; so my uncle said nothing about you at that moment, but entered into the affair of your younger brother's portions, in case Ferdinand and his heirs succeeded; and then, when that was settled—they were to have the Mosedale property between them, which has

now, by-the-bye, become more valuable than all the rest—and yet no word was spoken about yourself, my uncle ventured to say: “And what do you wish done about your son Anthony?”

“Yes; now, what did he reply?” asked the Squire earnestly. “Tell me the truth, Moffat, though I know it will be a bitter morsel.”

“He said that he wished nothing done, and that he had no son Anthony.”

“He said that, did he?” observed the Squire between his teeth. “Well, I had no father, then.—Go on.”

“Then my uncle Robert spoke of some money that happened to be lying in the banker’s hands—a loose thousand or two; altogether, perhaps fifteen hundred pounds—and mentioned that he had heard of you of late as being very ill off, and since this sum was not appropriated— But your father burst in with his “No, sir, no;” and there was an end of that.”

“But how, then, came my name to appear in the will at all?”

“It was your mother’s doing, sir: she begged and prayed that it should not be left out altogether; and since it looked as though it did not matter a pin’s point, your name was put in last, to comfort her. “And if he gets it, wife,” said Squire Russell, with a wink at my uncle, “he shall have the Manor for his own, to leave it to whom he pleases;” whereupon she thanked him with tears, thinking, poor soul, that he was really doing you a kindness. And indeed, as it has turned out, he was; for although, in any case, you must have succeeded to the estate, as your late nephew’s heir-at-law, you might not have found it solely at your own disposal.”

“Which it now is, of course?”

“Most certainly it is, sir; and a very fine property it has of late become. Your income, thanks to the growth of Mosedale, is at least thrice what your father’s was—and, if I may venture to advise, it is out of that portion of the estate that any provision you may please to make for Miss Ellen should come, leaving the Manor lands to descend as a matter of course.”

Anthony held up his finger. “I wish my granddaughter, Ellen, to inherit Blackburn Manor and all the lands about,” said he with grave distinctness. “She will be my sole heiress, Mr Moffat.”

“But your son, sir?” ejaculated the lawyer with profound astonishment.

“I shall see that my son, William Blackburn, is provided for according to his deserts, out of the Mosedale lands. Your own suggestion, in fact, is to be adopted, with a change of names; and you will come to-morrow and lay the whole matter clearly before me; but in the meantime I wished you to labour under no misconception, not even for a single day, concerning my intentions for the future. Do you understand them?”

“Perfectly, sir.”

“Well, that is enough for to-night then; we will speak of details at a more seasonable time.—If you will really not take another glass, I will ring for your horse.”

The lawyer had not recovered from his surprise even when he found himself in the open air and on the back of his own sober gray. “Is there never again to be a Blackburn at the Manor-house?” muttered he. “Are Squire and son for ever to quarrel? And yet these two cannot have had so serious a breach as I at first imagined, else the old

man would not be so well intentioned towards him. But to have this young girl to be his heiress, who has herself so much sweetness and beauty, is to make her the best match in all the county!” And the lawyer, who, although so keen at his trade, was a very old woman for matchmaking and gossip, began to reckon up in his mind all the local magnates who had sons to enter for so desirable a prize, and hugged himself with the possession of the great news that he should be first to spread.

Thus Anthony Blackburn had succeeded to his heart’s content in putting to rest his guest’s suspicions, and sent him away precisely in the frame of mind in which he would have had him to be. Yet the old man sat long alone after the lawyer had departed, with moody and dissatisfied face, and though he drank glass after glass of the strong liquor, it failed to cheer him. At last, with not an altogether steady step, he sought his bedchamber, and finding his wife seated at an escritoir, inquired of her, in no distinct nor amiable accents, what was keeping her up so late.

“I was writing the letter, Anthony,” said she simply.

It may seem strange that an occupation of so ordinary a kind should have engaged a lady from ten o’clock until after midnight, but the fact was that epistolary composition was not an art in which Mrs Blackburn was a proficient, and the sheet of paper before her had only just been folded, and was being placed in its envelope, when her husband appeared. He staggered across the room, and looked over her shoulder at the address, which, with her head aside, her lips projected, and her eyes in apparent astonishment at the success which crowned her efforts, she was in the act of completing. “You might have saved yourself this trouble,” said he doggedly: “that letter must not be sent.”

“Not be sent, Anthony!” ejaculated she with sudden pallor. “Why, you promised me that so soon as we got here, I might write to tell him! It is what I have looked forward to above all else.”

“I cannot help it, Mary,” answered the Squire, moved by his wife’s disappointed tone; “and I am truly sorry for your sake. But I have been thinking of the whole matter for these last two hours, and it will never do to let him know—that is, not yet. He would be coming down upon us here post-haste, and spoiling all at once.”

“Spoiling all?” repeated Mrs Blackburn.

“You need not mock my words, woman, like an echo,” replied the Squire, endeavouring to lash himself into a passion, which his genuine affection for his wife rendered very difficult: “there can be no doubt of what I mean. Shall we not find it hard work enough to win our way here among our equals, without being hampered with such a clog as he?”

“A clog, Anthony, your own and only son!”

“Ay, would he were not: he is a taint in my blood, a disgrace to me, who begat him; to you, who bore him. I will not have him here, to frighten folks with his black looks. He cannot keep from mischief, nor in his cups from bragging of it. He will blurt out the whole story of his shame some day, and then what will become of Nelly?”

“She has a pretty face, and will have a fortune that fits in with it,” said Mrs Blackburn coldly: “no hurt can happen to her.”

“What! do you think, then, that the young

gentleman—or nobleman, as likely as not—whom she may chance to choose, would hold to his bargain, if this ruffian, her grandfather's son, should once shew himself in his true colours? And would that be no hurt to Nelly? If she comes to harm that way, as surely as the moon sits in the sky yonder, William shall never see a penny of mine.'

'You would play the same part then, Anthony, as your father played to you, and earn the hatred of your own flesh and blood, as he did.'

'No, not the same,' said the old man excitedly, now taking vast strides across the room, the passion of his mind having apparently overcome all effects of the liquor he had so lately swallowed. 'I call Heaven to witness, as I have often done, that my father had no honest ground of quarrel with me. I had not disgraced him and his for ever; I had not committed a mean and hateful!'

'Hush, Anthony, hush!' exclaimed Mrs Blackburn piteously. 'For my sake, if not for his, do not proclaim his shame to all the house.'

'There,' answered the Squire triumphantly, 'you yourself fear that it should be known here, and yet you would take no precaution to prevent its disclosure. You wish it to be told, I suppose, by his own sottish tongue, to be corroborated by his own brutal ways and hang-dog looks, as you well know it will be.'

'But, Anthony, what would you have him do?'

'I would have him kept off from here as long as may be—for one clear year at least—for thirteen months—is it not thirteen?' And the Squire stopped in his walk, and cast a terrible glance at his wife, who turned her face from him as he did so.

'It is twelve months and fourteen days,' replied she in low and trembling tones.

'At least, then,' continued the Squire, 'let that much of time elapse before he shews his face here. There is surely reason enough for setting of that limit. When it is passed, you shall take your own way in the affair. Our Nelly will by that time—and I have set the matter in train already, if I am not mistaken—have made her position in the county assured by marriage; only, let not this precious son of ours come here and ruin all, before he is sent for, else, by Heaven, it will be the worse for him. So let the thing be settled, wife, as I have said, and do you tear up that letter.'

But Mrs Blackburn had already locked it safely in her escritoire, and secured the key.

'I will not send it, Anthony, since you forbid me,' returned she quietly; 'but I must keep the letter until the time comes at last for me to send it; for then, as he reads it, he will know how, when fortune began to smile on us, I welcomed it mainly for his sake, and guess at all I feel this wretched hour.'

'He will know nothing—he will feel nothing,' answered the Squire sternly, 'except so far as he is himself concerned. Do not flatter yourself that William Blackburn is in any way changed, or ever will be, from the heartless good-for-nought we have always found him. At least, for my part, whatsoever disappointments may lie in store for me, and they may be many yet, I can experience none from him.'

And the Squire moved slowly into his dressing-room, keeping his eyes fixed to the last upon his wife, as she sat with her face in her hands, and her gray hair falling over them, as the willow droops above a tombstone.

CHAPTER IX.—THE HORSE AND THE MARE.

It is ten months since the events related in our last chapter, and the morning sun of another autumn is lighting up a scene far different from the quiet landscape about Blackburn Manor. It shines upon our great seaside haunt of fashion, fuller even than usual of gay company, because of the race-meeting at neighbouring Goodwood. It is the Cup day, and therefore many of its stately mansions and all its hotels have been astir earlier than usual. Upon this day the tide of brilliant equipages on the west cliff will suffer perceptible decrease, and the broad walks will be traversed without jostling. For the present, however, all is haste and preparation. The *New Unlimited* in particular, before which are in waiting a score of various vehicles, seems alive from its eighth floor to its basement. The porter opens its folding-doors to incomers and outgoing with the regularity of a swift automaton; the clerk in the glass box is questioned ten times per minute respecting the movements of this or that inmate of the gilded hive. The spacious hall is crowded by knots of men, who whisper to one another mysteriously, and jot down the result of their deliberation in little books. The broad staircases are trodden by ethereal creatures ascending and descending in gorgeous attire, but all bound, sooner or later, for the park and the course. In the balconies, too, are here and there to be seen a pair of eager but quiet talkers, very different from the tender couples who have been known to stand there by moonlight, and watch the waves kiss the shore, and sighing, reluctantly withdraw. These present pairs are all of the masculine gender, and their theme is a sordid one enough. If their thoughts are concerned with the other sex at all, it is with females of the equine race. Is the mare 'fit'? Can the mare 'stay'? are the questions that absorb them. Let us play the eavesdropper upon these two gentlemen-sportsmen who are looking forth from the first-floor circle upon the vast expanse of sea and sky, without the least consciousness of the presence of either. Folks do not come to Brighton for sublimity and the beauties of nature, and least of all in the Goodwood race week.

This pale-faced, delicate-featured young fellow, with the well-kept black moustache, we have seen before, and easily recognise, although, in place of the tourist suit in which we saw him last, he is dressed in the highest fashion, with a rose in his button-hole, and an opera-glass slung across his shoulder. It is Mr Herbert Stanhope of Curlew Hall. The other, a stout, good-humoured-looking gentleman, is his junior by a year or two, his elder in point of astuteness in the business in which they are both engaged, by many years; inside the cover of his race-glass is to be read, in great gold letters, his name and address: 'Mr Frank Dawlish, The Albany.' But he is known by all the world—that is, his world—as Sporting Dawlish. We do not pay him an extravagant compliment when we say that among 'the gentlemen-sportsmen' who live, and move, and have their being upon British race-courses, there were very many worse than he.

'It is not the perfect certainty that all these fellows think, Stanhope,' said he, jerking his thumb contemptuously towards the open window behind them, through which, in a large finely furnished

room, two or three men could be seen still seated around the breakfast-table, although the special trains had already begun to run from the station, and all the hired vehicles in the street were tending thither, as though drawn by a magnet.

'There is nothing to beat her,' replied Stanhope, positively, and without removing the cigar that was between his lips: 'that is Dean's honest conviction. I had a long talk with him this very morning.'

'In spite of Dean's honesty, however, if I were you, I should hedge.'

'What bosh you talk, Dawlish,' ejaculated the other impatiently. 'How can I hedge, with such short odds against the horse? I just heard Wyndham taking two to one about him.'

'I saw you did,' said the other drily. 'If *Gazebo* wins, you will be hard hit, I fear, won't you?'

'Hard hit? I shall be ruined, Frank; that's all. But there is no chance of such a thing, I feel sure of that, whatever wins.'

'You don't look sure, my dear fellow; and, forgive me, but it is you who are talking bosh now, not I.'

'I betted against that horse,' said Stanhope excitedly, 'when he stood at twenty to one, which was his proper position, as you will own to me to-night, Dawlish; and I will bet against him now, though he rose to evens. I hate the beast.'

'You should never hate a horse, my good fellow,' returned the other coolly; 'it is almost worse than having a particular fancy for one, as you have for this *Vignette*. Horses are like men and women: you should never let your judgment of them be blinded by your partiality or prejudice. You are saying to yourself: "Here's a pretty 'mentor,' who is said to have lost a fortune in one race at Ascot!" Yet, surely an experience which has cost one so dear ought to be worth something, as indeed it is. I tell you this "picking out an animal for one's self from the very first," as some of those wiseacres in yonder room are so fond of talking about, is sheer madness, simple suicide. I believe in the mare myself, but I also believe in *Gazebo*, or rather I believe in neither of them.—What do you stand to win by, besides the mare?'

'Everything. Nothing but *Gazebo's* winning can hurt me. I would give a thousand pounds to know the beast was dead.'

'Well, I am not so bloodthirsty,' said Dawlish, laughing; 'a little lameness would satisfy me; then, when he got well, I would back him for the next long race, for I do think he's a good "stayer;" and if it happened to be wet to-day—but there, there is no chance of that. It is the very weather for *Vignette*. Come, let us drink her health in a glass of Hock and Seltzer, and then be off.' Whereupon the two friends stepped inside.

Have any of my readers ever had a large sum depending upon a horse-race? I mean a sum, whether large or not, which is of considerable importance to themselves. If so, they will easily understand that as Mr Herbert Stanhope drives through the pleasant Park of Goodwood side by side with 'sporting Dawlish,' he does not interest himself greatly in the scene nor in the company. A less occupied mind could not fail to mark the incongruity between those shady glades and sylvan solitudes and the noisy throng that hurries through them, in every species of conveyance, from the four-in-hand to the coster's cart, on horseback and on foot. Among these last, a tumultuous array of

country folks, and card-sharpers, orange-sellers, and acrobats, there is one class alone, the gipsies, who do not seem out of place, but even they have suspended their usual picturesque avocations, and taken to selling 'lists of the running horses.' Upon the whole, the spectacle suggests some pantomimic rehearsal, in which the beautiful scenery by Grieve or Telbin has been suffered to remain, while that indiscriminate mob who are so much in need of the policeman engross the stage. But for all that he sees, and almost for all that he hears, Mr Herbert Stanhope might be in the Underground Railway. His stake in the coming 'event' itself is so large that the anticipation of it may well monopolise his mind; and yet he does not think of the race at all, but only of its possible consequences. In the case of one result, which is likely enough to happen (Mr Dean says it's 'a positive certainty'), he will recoup himself for the losses of years, and be re-established at Curlew Hall in at least as good pecuniary circumstances as those in which he was left at his father's death; and in the case of any other result save that, and one other, he will be no worse off than at present, and indeed (only it is not worth his while to think of that) the better by some hundreds. But then it is also possible that this one other thing may happen, in which case Herbert Stanhope will be ruined. 'If there is a worse thing than "a fancy" in horse-flesh,' says that experienced sage Mr Dawlish, 'it is a prejudice;' and his friend has entertained a prejudice from the first against *Gazebo*. It is well to lay odds rather than to take them, but then you must lay them round. It is bad to stand to win upon one horse only, but it is much worse to have staked your all against another. Mr Herbert Stanhope has not only 'put the pot' on the black and yellow, which are the colours of *Vignette*, but he is 'full,' and a great deal too 'full,' against the 'scarlet' worn by the rival favourite. Of course, there is nothing in his outward demeanour to shew it: to look at, Mr Stanhope is merely a calm, unexceptionally attired young gentleman, whose mission, like that of the rest of the aristocracy present, is to maintain the poor fellows who form the betting-ring; but his heart throbs under the rose in his button-hole, and an unpleasant shiver pervades him when the strident voices round about him roar out: 'I'll bet against *Vig-net*,' and still worse when he overhears a colloquy (and there are many such) between 'Fly and Spider,' when the latter answers: 'I can only give you six to four, sir, against *Gazebo*.' He is quite resolved not to hedge a shilling at such a price as that.

What a scene it is!—yonder noble sweep of level turf embosomed in the wooded hills, with the sunlit sky above all, and these discordant human figures, the members of the betting-ring, in the foreground, as jealously railed in as though they were really the wild beasts that faintly typify them. The din, the roar, and, may we be permitted to add, the smell of them, are to be found on a smaller scale in Wombwell's Menagerie; the brazen fraud, the rapacious merciless greed, are wholly without parallel elsewhere. Look at these men; they have mostly some inscription upon the money-bags or pouches which they bear round their necks—*Jones of London*, *Smith of Birmingham*, or what not—whereby those who have dealings with them may recognise them at a glance; but none of them are more legible than the word *Rogue*, which their

trade has stamped upon their features. Some of them have planted in the earth gigantic umbrellas (similarly emblazoned with their names and addresses), and under these they carry on what is literally enough a roaring trade. Others stand with their backs against the railings, protesting, and methinks they do protest too much, that there they will be found after each race, prepared to settle with all and sundry who shall in the meantime have favoured them with their patronage—entrusted them with the money which not many of their patrons will see again. These Spiders are all wonderfully alike in visage, though they may differ in form—some being bloated and unwieldy, as though they were almost gorged; others thin and hungry; but the Flies on whom they feed are more diverse. There are several quiet, sober-looking, respectable brown flies (clerks who have borrowed their employers' money perhaps to make a safe investment on this occasion); very many, too, of a hybrid sort, that would astonish a naturalist, being half-fly half-spider, and in a transition state from the former to the latter; and a considerable sprinkling of quite bright and brilliant flies, who are, however, come in search of the same garbage as the rest, just as one marks with wonder what gay and golden insects will circle about the offal in the streets. These last are the noblemen and gentlemen who would not soil their hands with vulgar Trade upon any account, but who think it no shame to adopt as their profession the Turf; and, curiously enough, notwithstanding their gilded wings, it is whispered that even some of these are on the verge of the transition state which has been hinted at above.

Strangest of all, immediately above this crowd, from which arises an indescribable clamour (when the coming-off of some minor race does not subdue it to that sort of insect hum which is so often heard in the summer-time above some mass of material corruption)—strangest of all, we say, in box and balcony of the Grand Stand that immediately overhangs this crowd sit the fairest and proudest of England's daughters, and apparently not at all discomposed by the scene in question. Many a smile and nod greet Mr Herbert Stanhope as he looks upward into that bright array, and time had been when more than one neatly gloved hand would have pointed out a vacant seat for him beside its owner; but the great ladies who patronise Goodwood are very wary, and soon get to know when a *parti* has ceased to be eligible to their sweet Constances and Arabellas, and the losses of the master of Curlew Hall were no secret to any of them. It is probable, however, that in his present mood Stanhope would not have accepted an invitation from any quarter; his mind was too anxious to stoop to frivolities; he found it hard enough to throw into his expressive features the air of delighted recognition they were expected to wear, without being compelled to exchange polished commonplaces and wagger gloves with ladies of fashion. True, a horse-race is itself a frivolity in the eyes of many, but the one which was now approaching was to Stanhope at least a matter of the most paramount importance, and monopolised his attention wholly.

The bell was rung for saddling, and his friend and himself went to see the horses, or rather to see the mare and horse (for he had no eyes for the others) stripped and shining like mirrors, each with

arching neck and pricking ear, as though conscious of the hopes and fears that they excited in so many human breasts; for verily the Goodwood Cup day is one cut out of the calendar of the Houshyrhym, wherein the Horse is the master of the Man. When this was over, Stanhope and Dawlish made their way to their own places in the Grand Stand, in a box of about the size of a bathing-machine, which they had secured months beforehand at a great price.

The jugglers, the dancers, the Ethiopian singers, the sellers of gingerbread nuts and of effervescing drinks, had been driven from the course by the impartial hands of the police, and even the few gentlemen with Stand tickets in their hats who still remained were condescending to leave it. The broad green road, hitherto concealed by countless thousands, lay bare at last, as though some Red Sea miracle had been wrought for the horses' sake who were about to run between those pent-up waves of men. One by one, they take their preparatory canter down the course; each as they go by evoking his share of applause, mingled perhaps with some would-be knowing criticism from the spectators; but the admiration rises to a sullen roar as, side by side, the horse and mare happen to go by together, stride by stride. They are both bays, but the black and yellow contrasts sufficiently with the scarlet to keep them distinct to all eyes (had there been need) to the very horizon's verge. Gay and haggard, Stanhope raises his glass, and scans them narrowly. His hand is a little tremulous, but his face is perfectly calm as he remarks: 'The horse gallops well.' Sporting Dawlish gives a nod and a look which are quite the perfection of sign-language—'I believe you; he gallops a deal too well, as I always told you'—but he does not reply in words. The vast sea of humanity has ceased to roar; only one wave of speech breaks upon the ear, where a cardseller, who unites with his calling that of sweeping unconsidered trifles from people's carriages while their attention is absorbed, and who has been detected, inveighs against an eaves-dropping police.

The long array of shining steeds, with their still more conspicuous riders, is drawn up in two lines, like a rainbow and its reflex; the red flag falls; an inarticulate thunder of voices announces the fact that 'they are off.' The mare is leading as they pass the Stand, but will she lead when they come round again? From his position, Stanhope is able with the aid of his glasses to command the entire course—to mark every incident of the struggle from first to last. But he makes no comment. Sporting Dawlish is not so reticent. He has no such stake in the event as his friend has, although he has other reasons besides friendship for wishing to see *Vignette* win. He has many strings to his bow, and one of them has snapped. 'There's one out of it already,' says he composedly; 'that *Campfire* has pulled up short. I always thought he would never stay such a course as this, though I did put a tanner on him. They're beginning to scatter, eh? That wretched weed *Julep* seems to have a nice chance, don't he?—last of all. By Jove, how the horse is coming on!'

The horse—that is, the horse—was indeed coming on; even at that great distance, and while the goal was yet far off, experienced eyes, such as were now watching so eagerly, could detect certain portentous signs in the equine struggle. *Vignette*,

who had taken up the running too early, as it was afterwards said (for no race-horse is ever beaten, in the opinion of his backers, but through some extraneous cause), was indeed already 'in difficulties.' Herbert Stanhope was among the first to see this, and with the air of a general who sees the battle has gone against him, he shut up his glass with a laconic 'The mare is beaten,' long before the jubilant crowd began to shout: '*Gazebo wins!*'

THE LIFE OF THE RANK AND FILE.

The order recently issued by the Secretary of State for War to recruiting-parties to enlist no strollers or persons whose antecedents are unknown, and the carrying out of the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Military Punishments, cannot fail to give a higher tone to the army, and to attract to it as a profession many of those who are now, in the various callings of clerks, canvassers, &c., struggling to maintain a respectable appearance on a miserable weekly pittance, that barely enables them to keep the wolf from the door. We believe that such persons will have no reason to regret their adoption of the army as a profession. Even at present, and it is every year improving, the life of a soldier is by no means one of such hardship and misery as it is commonly supposed to be: of course, occasional 'roughing it' is inseparable from a military career; but whether on home or foreign service, the soldier has it generally in his own power to live as happy a life as falls to the lot of ordinary mortals. From the day that he enters the service till he leaves it, the supply of all his wants is under the constant supervision of officers, some of whom may indeed be rather perfunctory in the performance of their duties, but who are all really the soldier's friends; yet the notion of a great many people is that a soldier lives a half-starved and in every way wretched life; the writer of this paper has seen an old lady tender a few pence to a soldier waiting at Charing Cross for the Aldershot train, that he might get a glass of beer, she being evidently of opinion that he could not himself afford even that very moderate luxury. And yet, if a soldier is well conducted, he need never be without money in his pocket.

Within twenty-four hours after a man has 'taken the shilling' in the Queen's name from the recruiting-officer, he is taken before a doctor, is stripped, and his physical excellence thoroughly tested. If he is passed by the doctor as a fit subject, he is immediately conducted to a justice of the peace, and having in his presence declared to be true the statements as to his birthplace, age, trade, &c., which he has made on his 'attestation' paper, and having reiterated his willingness to serve, he is duly sworn in to be faithful to his Queen, her heirs and successors for ever. Should he have changed his mind before being sworn in, the enlistment is cancelled on the 'smart-money' (twenty-one shillings) being paid; but after being sworn in, he is to all intents and purposes a soldier, and can obtain his discharge only by the usual expensive

mode of 'brying off.' As soon as may be convenient after his attestation, the recruit is despatched to his regiment's headquarters, if the regiment be on home service, or, if it be abroad, to the dépôt: till within a few weeks ago, this was always done under the escort of a non-commissioned officer; but now that the army is recognised as a profession in which bad characters are unworthy to remain, the recruit himself receives the advance of money, and is allowed to find his way without any guard to the station of the corps he has chosen. Arrived at headquarters, the recruit must be examined by the regimental surgeon: if disapproved of by this officer (which rarely happens), he receives his discharge; if approved of, he is conducted before the commanding-officer, who finally passes him—a purely formal ceremony—and 'posts' him to a particular company. If he has a brother in the regiment, he can demand to be placed in the same company with him; and similarly on this ground a soldier can claim to be transferred from one regiment to another.

Feeling very awkward and with many misgivings, 'Johnny Raw' is ushered in, by a soldier-clerk sent from the orderly-room, to one of the mess-rooms of the company to which he has been posted; and he is speedily taken in hand by some old soldiers, 'drouthy' customers, who see the chance of several days' 'wetting' in assisting the recruit to spend his bounty. If the young aspirant for military distinction belongs to the better classes of society, he probably expects to find the barrack-room a dirty overcrowded apartment, redolent of anything but Rimmel's odours from *Araby the Blest*: if so, he finds himself agreeably disappointed. The barrack-room is generally a lofty well-ventilated long room, its length and breadth being in the proportion of about three to one; and the number of men lodged in it is so regulated as to allow from four hundred to six hundred cubic feet of air to each. Down the middle of the room run the mess-tables, with the forms on either side: there are generally two fireplaces, or one large one. Ranged on each side of the room are the iron cots, about eighteen inches apart, which are drawn out to their full length only after tattoo. During the day the lower half of the cot is 'run in,' to give more space in the room, and to serve for a seat: the straw mattress and pillow are rolled up, and with the sheets and blankets neatly folded and strapped on the top, form the back stuffing, while the rug serves as the cushion for the seat. In the wall, over each cot, is a shelf, with three pegs beneath, for clothes and accoutrements.

It is always very easy to fraternise with the members of the army or navy; so the recruit soon finds himself tolerably at home in his new position. But lucky it is for him if some of the non-commissioned officers or of the well-behaved privates take him in hand (which they generally do in case of a respectable-looking recruit) before he falls completely into the clutches of the 'old soldiers,' who so readily volunteer information, and shew how everything is done, but always with a view to the 'main chance'—that is, an invitation to the canteen; for, though these latter often leave him after his money is spent, yet the damage they do him is not to be measured by loss of his bounty and the money he has acquired by the sale to some old Jew of his civilian suit of clothes: he probably is made drunk, and, thus getting into trouble, is at

once brought in an unfavourable character under the notice of his officers; or, if this misfortune does not befall him at the outset of his career, he has, at all events, been set on the fair road for forming the habit of daily visiting the canteen, and spending his small allowance there, which we need not say is a sure barrier to promotion.

As soon as practicable, after being posted to his company, the recruit receives his 'kit,' which comprises a knapsack with straps and canteen, a greatcoat, a tunic, a shell-jacket, a pair of cloth trousers (for winter), a pair of serge trousers, two flannel shirts, three pair of socks, two pair of boots, a shako, a forage-cap, two towels, and a complete set of articles for cleaning his clothes and accoutrements. This kit is inspected at stated periods, usually once a week, by the officer of the company, on rare occasions by the commanding-officer, and annually by the general of the district; any articles missing are at once supplied from the stores at the soldier's expense, and the selling or destroying wilfully any part of the kit, and more especially the greatcoat, is severely punished. Every subsequent year each soldier receives a new tunic, two pair of trousers, two pair of boots, and a shako; a new greatcoat is issued once in three years, when the old one is returned to the stores: but all the other articles of the outfit must be kept up and renewed at the soldier's expense. The total value of the free kit supplied to each recruit is about four pounds.

As soon as he is clad in his regimentals, the recruit is attached for drill purposes to the most recently formed body of raw material, the 'awkward squad.' With them he is drilled usually four hours daily: from seven to eight, nine to ten, eleven to twelve, and two to three; and learns the stand-at-ease, extension motions (or 'setting-up' drill, to expand the chest and increase the height), facings, forming twos and fours to the right, left, and deep, marching in quick and slow time, &c. After being about a month or six weeks in this squad, the recruit is placed in the armed squad, and learns the manual (that is, presenting arms, shouldering, &c.) and the platoon (that is, firing) exercises; and after another month the bayonet exercise. When he has been altogether about three or four months at drill, he is dismissed to his duty, but is not considered a full 'duty soldier,' nor can he contend with his company for a marksman's badge till he has been trained for a certain number of days, usually fourteen, but varying according to the weather, under the instructor of musketry, and has, under his inspection, fired ninety rounds of ball-cartridge. After this training, he becomes fully qualified for promotion, provided his education is good enough. When a soldier is relieved from recruits' drill, his work is really very slight, leaving him the greater portion of his time at his own command. Except at special training stations like Aldershot Camp and the Curragh, the regiment is drilled usually not more than ten or eleven hours a week: the only other work besides drill being guards and fatigues, and the duty of orderly-man. The frequency of the recurrence of 'doing guard' depends on the station. In some places, as London or Dublin, the guard 'catches' a man once every three or four days; in other places, where only one or two small guards are furnished, a soldier may have ten days or a fortnight without doing guard. The guard mounts for twenty-four hours;

each private does two hours on and four hours off sentry, being thus actually on guard eight hours out of the twenty-four. But all the men must, when off sentry, be ready in the guard-room to turn out at any time during the day or night to pay 'the compliment of the guard' to any passing officer entitled to it, or to be inspected by the officer of the guard, or the captain or subaltern of the day. Besides the guards, each soldier has in turn to take part in the 'fatigues,' that is, doing any work about the barracks or hospital, and going out on picket. Lastly, there is the 'company fatigue,' or duty of orderly-man. Every day two men are in each room told off for attending to the fires, cleaning the room, tables, and mess-dishes, and bringing from the cook-house and distributing the food of the mess. And this leads us to another subject—the soldier's food. The soldier is allowed three meals daily, for which sevenpence-halfpenny is stopped out of his daily pay. At eight he has breakfast, consisting of a pint of coffee and a pound of bread, anything else that he may desire in the way of 'kitchen' being paid for by himself; at one he has dinner, for which twelve ounces of meat are allowed, and potatoes. To give variety to this meal, the meat is cooked the one day as 'a steam,' the next as 'a bake,' and the next as 'a boil,' on this last occasion, a pint of soup each man being allowed. At five, there is a pint of tea, and bread. The food of each mess is cooked separately by itself in the regimental cook-house by a staff of cooks selected, one man from each company; and is conveyed thence, at the bugle-call, by the orderly-men to their several mess-rooms. There is no supper. This fare is a very great improvement on what used to be allotted the army: many a man is still in the service who was enlisted when the soldiers were really half-starved, as they got nothing after midday till breakfast next day, till a petition was presented to the Queen to order a third meal; moreover the pay of the soldier was not what it now is, so that he was unable to buy for himself any extra meal.

When a soldier has served about six months in the regiment, if he is well conducted and has a fair education (and the better his education, the sooner he rises), he generally receives the single stripe of a lance-corporal, or acting-corporal; that is, though still a private, he has all the power and receives the respect (though not the pay) due to a full corporal. In many regiments there is an examination in writing, spelling, and the first three rules of arithmetic before the lance stripe is given. Once a lance-corporal, the soldier is fairly started in his course of promotion to corporal, lance-sergeant, and sergeant, each grade being, as vacancies occur, supplied from among the occupants of the lower grade according to seniority and education: the examination for promotion to each rank is slightly higher than for the rank immediately below. But in promotion to lance or full sergeant, regard is also had to smartness at drill. In each company there are two or three ordinary or 'striped' sergeants, and at their head the colour-sergeant, who is also usually the pay-sergeant: he represents the captain in his absence, and is on all occasions responsible to him for the state of the company. The non-commissioned officers of the regiment (as distinct from the officers of the several companies) are the staff-sergeants, six in number—namely, the school-master, the sergeant-major, the quarter-master's

sergeant, the orderly-room clerk, the drum-major, and the musketry-instructor's sergeant; these in dress, pay, and rank hold a position intermediate between the officers and the non-commissioned officers. The post of sergeant-major is that from which promotions to commissions usually take place. Cases of rising from the ranks occur far more frequently than is commonly supposed; in fact it may be with truth asserted that in nine cases out of ten, an energetic well-educated man who really devotes himself to his profession, and carefully avoids everything which tends to the formation of those habits that will some day or other lead to his losing his stripes and returning to the ranks as a private, is certain to receive a commission. The real obstacle to promotion from the ranks lies with the men themselves: they *will*, in the majority of cases, yield to vices that entail neglect of duty and lead to a court-martial and consequent reduction. Many sergeant-majors are by their previous training unfitted for, and would themselves decline, a commission; but the gift of a commission is not attended with so many drawbacks as is commonly supposed. Along with the commission a grant of one hundred pounds for outfit is conferred; and the newly gazetted ensign usually receives some lucrative post, as that of quarter-master, in which he can not only obtain a very substantial increase to his ensign's salary, but can also, when the regiment is abroad, make a considerable sum; while, when the regiment is at home, a good many 'pickings,' by no means to be despised, fall to him. Unhappily, indeed, many a sergeant-major who has held the office for any length of time is really a wealthy man, though the mode by which he has become enriched will not often bear official examination. It is a common practice for the pay-sergeants to make advances to men at a very usurious rate—for example, purchasing a man's pay for fifteen days, by giving him in advance his pay for ten days. It is unnecessary to say that this is strictly forbidden by the regulations, as being subversive of discipline, besides on other grounds; but nevertheless the advances are quietly made without risk, for the pay-sergeant holds the man's pay in his own hands, and has a private too much in his power in every way to fear his 'peaching,' and invoking the aid of the captain or commanding-officer in his breach of a voluntary engagement. From small beginnings a sergeant can in this way accumulate a large sum, which can be distributed over a larger area and with even less risk if he ever becomes sergeant-major, for, in a private's opinion, it is as dangerous to incur the hostility of the latter functionary as of the commanding-officer himself. Most money is made in this way on foreign service; as in India, where the men are greatly given to gambling, for want of anything else to do, and often 'discount' their pay, their 'marching-money,' or other grants due them. The present writer was assured on unimpeachable authority that a sergeant-major who had served in India in that capacity during the Mutiny, and for a few years after, retired with upwards of ten thousand pounds, chiefly gained in this way. One more remark we have to make about men who have risen from the ranks; it is, that their subsequent promotion is generally very rapid, after they have had time to 'feather their nests' as quarter-masters.

The daily life of a soldier is rather monotonous.

The reveille sounds usually at five in the morning in summer, and half-past six in winter, when all must get up. At seven the men fall in on the parade-ground for drill, which in the winter months chiefly consists of running one thousand yards. At ten there is the commanding-officer's parade, when the troops are drilled for half-an-hour or an hour. On two or three days in the week, there is the adjutant's drill at two o'clock; but on other days at that hour only a roll-call, from which all wearers of badges for good conduct, and marksmen, are excused. In most stations, and except under a very strict lieutenant-colonel, the men rarely have more drill than this. On Saturday there is no drill of any kind, that day being devoted to kit-inspection and to a general scrubbing and cleaning-up of the barrack-rooms, that they may be faultless in every respect when the commanding-officer comes round at the dinner-hour on Sunday to inspect the rooms and receive any complaints. The rooms are, however, always expected to be in good order and scrupulously clean; the captain or subaltern for the day has to visit every mess-room in the barracks when the men are at breakfast, dinner, and tea, to receive and lay before the commanding-officer any complaints of the quantity or quality of the food, and he generally makes a cursory inspection of the room and checks any irregularity. On Sunday there is only the church parade in the forenoon, and the ordinary roll-call at two. The soldier is then free, as on other days, till tattoo, which is usually fixed at ten in summer and nine in winter. So, from motives of public economy, a soldier lies two hours more in bed in winter than in summer. From these arrangements it will be seen that unless when required for guard or picket, a soldier has all the afternoon and evening to himself, and during the rest of the day is anything but hardly worked; and it is no wonder that with so much time on his hands the soldier used to become after a few years a degraded being. But now much is done to elevate our soldiers, by providing a rational occupation for their disengaged hours. There is not only the regimental school, at which, in many regiments, attendance is very properly enforced, until the soldier, if a private, has obtained a third-class certificate from the Council of Education, or a first-class if a non-commissioned officer; and if the Minister for War were to enforce this rule in every regiment, he would confer a great boon on the army. But in addition to the regimental school, there is now at almost every station a good library of interesting and elevating works, and a reading-room supplied with papers and magazines; and most of the men avail themselves of this means of instruction and amusement. Lectures, readings, and concerts are given weekly, fortnightly, or monthly, as may be practicable; in almost every regiment now there is an amateur theatrical corps, composed of non-commissioned officers and men, who possess a fair collection of dresses and scenery, and give monthly entertainments, at a small charge for admission, when the acting is always fully equal, and often superior, to that of the officers at their occasional gratis performances. Cricket and foot-ball clubs are also formed by the men, and athletic sports are annually held, when several valuable prizes are given by the officers.

The condition of married soldiers has been very much improved of late years. They are more

comfortably housed in quarters by themselves, each couple occupying one or two separate rooms. Not very many years ago, the married women used to live in the barrack-room. They generally earn a fair sum by washing for the men (who pay a half-penny a day for this) and for the officers. In India a special allowance is made to a married soldier for his wife and every child he has. Of course these privileges are restricted to those who have married with the permission of the authorities. Leave is usually given only to men of good character, in possession of two good-conduct badges, and with at least five pounds in the regimental savings-bank. But at best the army life is not well fitted for women; and, hard as such a statement may seem, it would really be in the interest of the soldier if the authorities were to prohibit him from marrying.

In regard to pay, the soldier has nothing to complain of. The full pay of a private is fifteen-pence per diem, besides the penny per day for each badge: of this he receives sixpence daily, the remainder being 'stopped' for food, &c.; and at the end of the month, if he has not had anything out of the stores, he usually has a balance of a shilling or so to receive. When in debt for anything, till it is fully paid he is placed under 'stoppages'; that is to say, he receives only the beer-allowance—one penny daily. A corporal receives fourpence per day more than a private. The full pay of a 'striped' sergeant is two shillings and fourpence, exclusive of a penny daily for each badge. Tenpence daily is stopped from every sergeant for the mess—that is, for all his food; a small subscription being made among themselves for the papers, &c. A colour-sergeant receives one shilling more than the striped sergeants when he is also, as is generally the case, pay-sergeant; otherwise, only sixpence extra. The staff-sergeants receive about four shillings, but the sergeant-major receives, besides this, one shilling per day as chief drill-instructor. This latter functionary also receives one guinea for every recruit enlisted at headquarters, and seven shillings and sixpence for every recruit enlisted elsewhere for his regiment, provided, of course, that the recruit is approved of; he also receives a sum, usually half-a-guinea, for each recruit when he is dismissed drill. When we consider how many recruits are enlisted for a regiment annually, it is evident that the legitimate income alone of the sergeant-major must amount to a good sum.

There can be no doubt that sergeants, if they remain unmarried, are in a far better position than the great majority of small clerks. If they have joined the army when young, they are at their prime when they leave, after a twenty-one years' service, with a pension of from one shilling and ninepence to half-a-crown per day; and they generally receive a staff appointment, with a good salary attached to it, in the militia or the Volunteers. Any man of fair education, who will give attention to his duties and keep steady, can become a sergeant within three years. We believe that if the real life of the army, with its many and everyday increasing advantages, were more generally known, many would gladly join, and never regret their choice of a profession which at present, from their ignorance of it, they despise; and we hope the day is not far distant when clever pushing young fellows will in crowds seek the army as a

profession, and set a commission before their eyes as the prize of life, when that ogre, the 'purchase-system,' will not long be able to hold even that limited amount of sway which it still wields.

MY VERY ODD UNCLE.

I HAD once an uncle who was allowed to be the greatest oddity in Shropshire, which is saying a good deal. As far as I heard from the elders of my family, he got on like other people in his early days (the most accurate said up to the beginning of his twenty-sixth year), when, after having been duly articulated to the most eminent solicitor in our county town—getting through his seven years without mischance, passing his examination respectably and obtaining his certificate—he entered into partnership with Messrs Gammon and Gosling, the heirs and successors of his master in the law, and thought by all Shrewsbury to be a most promising firm. I believe they did business together for about six months; the great will-case of Sharp *versus* Smoothy was the storm that shipwrecked them, and then my uncle's oddity was somehow developed. It proved to be of an uncommon kind: there was nothing peculiar in his dress, manners, or conversation; he had always been of a quiet sensible turn, and so he continued to be; but his heart and mind, and money too, went, from that time, after old and dilapidated houses.

Wherever there was a decayed cottage, a half-ruined barn, a tumbled-down tenement that nobody could be got to take or buy (and there's no scarcity of the like in the county Salop), it was sure to be heard of, hunted up, and leased, rented, or purchased by Richard Ramshorn, Esquire—such being the style and title of my estimable relative. For that branch of business, he gave up the management of people's legal affairs, his time being entirely occupied with his takings and purchases. He spent day after day in solitary surveys of these ruined dwellings, locking or bolting himself in, as if any human being was likely to intrude upon him. He half-repaired some of them; he half-furnished others: he advertised them far and wide, with the usual flourish about convenient and desirable premises, and had sundry fierce quarrels with high-tempered ladies and gentlemen, whom, they said, advertisements had brought miles out of their way for nothing. When no tenant could be got at any rent, and none of the old women in the neighbourhood could be induced to 'mind' them, my uncle consoled himself by paying rounds of visits to his far-scattered possessions. He was to be seen in all weathers, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, but always carrying a leathern bag, which he had provided for the purpose of holding the rusty keys, which he guarded with a care as jealous as though they were the title-deeds of a manor.

As his peculiar taste became known to auctioneers, house-agents, and all who had unsaleable and unlettable buildings on their hands, his transactions increased and his finances diminished. Of course, they were all great bargains—monstrous cheap, and sure to enrich him some day; but his means were dribbled away on those unprofitable estates without the smallest return; for, if he succeeded in getting some misguided man, or more frequently a widow or maiden lady, in a moment of weakness, to become his tenant, the lawsuit which invariably

arose at the end of the first quarter of occupation more than swallowed up his gains, and he had generally a bonus to pay to the retiring enemy.

My uncle did not fall in love, or take to betting, or go to the bad like other young men; the old houses were sweetheart, entertainment, and sensation for him. It was commonly believed that the more out-of-the-way and out-of-the-world they were, the better he liked them; and the standing grief of his days was that he could not raise money enough to bid for an almost ruined mansion, which nobody had inhabited for more than fifty years, because it stood in a marshy hollow at the foot of a rocky hill, and had a bad repute on account of midnight visitors. He had borrowed from all his friends by this time, till none of them would lend him any more; he was at the end of his means, and his relations were at their wits' end to know what to do with him. We, the Ramshorns, had been always a genteel but not an independent family—that is to say, every one of us had to do something for his living; and when my uncle Richard contrived to get out of business and out of pocket in his affection for ancient walls, his relations had to take him in hand, as prodigals are commonly dealt with. At first they thought his brain was affected; paid him particular attentions at the full of the moon, and brought two physicians in the guise of house-agents to examine him surreptitiously; but the lunar orb had no influence on his old house-hunting, and the medicine-men could detect no crack in his upper story. Then they wanted him to emigrate; but my uncle Richard had too considerable a stake in England, and refused to leave his property. He consented, however, to give up buying and leasing, and returned to business.

With the help of his friends and relatives, he got into another legal partnership, and went on steadily for some time, doing junior partner's work and realising accordingly; but as soon as a little money got into his fingers, another great bargain was heard of, and within less than two years he was in hot pursuit of the old houses again. Of course, they led him to the same goal, and he was brought back from the husks once more; but what need to tell of his relapses and restorations; they were numerous as those brought about by the glass or the gaming-table. He was fished out of low lodging-houses; he was redeemed from the debtors' prison; his requisites were taken out of pawn; his I O Us were paid, according to the custom of families endowed with such straying sheep; he had intervals of respectability, longer or shorter, as good fortune attended him or funds held out; but neither the example nor the preaching of his kith and kin could wean Uncle Richard's heart from the old houses.

A serious acquaintance of ours called him the dark dispensation of the Ramshorns; a troublesome dispensation he undoubtedly was, and served for a use of terror to our rising generation, all of whom grew up remarkably prudent through the dread of his example, inspired by the lectures of judicious friends. Myself being his eldest nephew, took early to saving, and had done wonders at it before I was nineteen, and got my first clerkship with Cheek & Co. Uncle Richard was reckoned an old bachelor by that time, and the only confirmed specimen of the single profession within our borders, except Cousin Grace.

In what degree of cousinship she stood to all or any of us, I never clearly understood; but Miss Grace, as we juniors had to call her, styled herself our cousin-in-general, and insisted on all the rights, privileges, and immunities belonging to that title. She never told her age, and nobody else ever dared tell it, so I am silent on the subject; but Cousin Grace was not very young, and never could have been supposed handsome by any stretch of the imagination. Fortune had been quite as niggardly as nature in her case; her father had left a considerable legacy of debts as well as his only daughter to the care of his kindred; and Cousin Grace said she would live and occupy herself among them for the rest of her days, since a maiden lady of sense and energy was an invaluable addition to any family. Accordingly, she minded their houses and their affairs generally, she governessed their children, she lectured their young people, she gave the old ones her advice whether they wanted it or not, and she made them all understand that Cousin Grace was to be well paid as well as highly esteemed for her services.

There was a fine contrast between the maiden and the bachelor of our family: while Uncle Richard was perpetually spending and losing on his favourite species of real estates, Cousin Grace had powers of saving and getting which were perfectly marvellous, considering her opportunities. As far as we knew, nobody had ever proposed for her heart and hand, and Cousin Grace had a high disdain of all mankind in consequence; yet, strange to say, some of us thought she had a lurking partiality for Uncle Richard. We could all sympathise with her in that; notwithstanding that he was the blot on our escutcheon, the oddity of the family was generally liked, and welcomed wherever he went. Uncle Richard had such an easy, friendly way of meeting his difficulties, that the general opinion was, a capable woman might do worse than marry and settle him. But Uncle Richard had no heart to give away from the old walls; and Cousin Grace inferred, with some justice, that the workhouse was the only jointure his spouse could expect; so the little scheme for making a Benedict and Beatrice of our own appeared to be adjourned *sine die*.

We all thought it a pity, for our uncle had been living in the odour of respectability for some time, as senior clerk to his early partners, Gammon and Gosling, who had hung out their legal banner once more, being men of large connections in Shrewsbury; but signs of an approaching change were beginning to be visible. He had been met late in the evening coming from a roofless cottage, and seen to linger about a ruined barn for the greater part of an afternoon. That was ominous, but worse threatened our peace. The old house in the marshy hollow at the foot of the rocky hill, now become too ruinous to shelter even ghosts, was advertised to be sold for one hundred pounds to any one who might be induced to buy it for the materials. 'There is a bargain!' said Uncle Richard to me, as we sat alone in my father's back-parlour, every soul of the family but myself having gone to the Bounceleys' grand party, to which neither my uncle nor Cousin Grace, who happened to be with us at the time, was magnificent enough to be invited; I had staid at home to keep them company, knowing that my fair enslaver, Lucy Sutton, was not to be there—a bargain not to be

got hold of every day, George. If I had that one hundred pounds to lay down, I should make my fortune, ay, and the fortune of my friends too. The property is worth two thousand to any man of judgment. I could drain the ground, and build three houses out of the materials, any one of which would pay my expenses three times over; and I am ready to give anybody twenty per cent. for the loan of the money; to be paid quarterly in advance: that is better interest than you get in the Salop bank, my boy.

The old fox knew that I had just the sum he wanted, saved from cigars, theatres, and other causes of young men's outlaying, by way of commencing a fund for housekeeping expenses, in case Lucy and Lucy's parents should smile upon my suit. I had been vain enough to exhibit the bank receipt, and Uncle Richard had fixed upon it as his prey to sink in the old house in the marshy hollow; but he did not know that his nephew had affections as strong as his own, though they went in a different direction, and, moreover, had been made wide awake to the results of his old house-hunting from early childhood. Steel and stone he found me to his promises of twenty per cent. and eternal gratitude, to all the castles he built in the air out of the ill-reputed ruin, and to his final lamentations that his own brother's son would not help him to make the fortune of the whole family; when we were both startled by the voice of Cousin Grace behind us saying: 'Richard, I will lend you the money.'

I could scarcely believe my ears and eyes; but there she stood, in her long worn and much mended black dress and crape collar, which she wore to save washing, her face bound up with another piece of black—for she was troubled with the toothache, and her gray hair hidden by a red flannel hood, to ward off the rheumatism.

'You are an angel!' cried Uncle Richard, running towards her with extended arms.

'Recollect propriety, sir,' said Cousin Grace, taking him by the shoulder and setting him down on a chair. 'George,' she continued, 'the Bounceleys have sent over for you: they can never get young men enough at their parties; but it is not right to offend them: you know they are related to Mr Cheek's brother-in-law: go up to your own room and dress this minute.'

I saw the necessity of going, under the circumstances; and what passed in the back-parlour that evening, I never could make out; but Cousin Grace kept her resolution to lend Uncle Richard the hundred pounds, which we all believed to be her entire savings. No persuasion, no pointing out of probable consequences, could move her from it. Uncle Richard had promised to pay her; he would not break his word to an unprotected female; and she thought it her duty as a cousin to give him a chance of retrieving the misfortunes of his life with the money, which she would probably never want, for it was her belief she was not long for this world. Cousin Grace was a lady not easily turned from anything she had set her mind on. When the entire clan of Ramshorn had exhausted their arguments and adjurations—when she had fought wordy battles with each of their wives, and general engagements with the whole family—when she had shaken the dust of most of their houses off her feet and got it on again, the money was lent to Uncle Richard, and with it he bought the old house in the marshy hollow.

The joy or the folly of his life appeared to be crowned by the possession of that coveted tenement. Morning, noon, and night, he was desirous moving about its ruined walls, scrambling out of some of its sashless windows, or seated on a rock hard by, contemplating his desirable property. The reputation of the place prevented his being intruded upon by curious neighbours; none of the Ramshorns, except Cousin Grace, would come within a mile of it or him; their indignation, including my own, knew no bounds at this last and most desperate relapse. At the end of the first fortnight of his ownership, Messrs Gammon and Gosling summarily dismissed him for neglect of business, and Cousin Grace announced her intention of marrying him without delay. Of course she was reminded of what sort of jointure was to be expected; but Grace said one couldn't pass over one's lot; and Uncle Richard being agreeable, the marriage came off accordingly. The Ramshorns one and all protested, in the first instance, that they would have nothing to do with the pair, and finally went in a body to their wedding. Grace almost sent the ladies of the family into fits by appearing in a silk dress on the occasion, bought out of the remains of her savings, no doubt, and therefore shewing a clearer prospect of the workhouse.

But Mr and Mrs Richard Ramshorn did not betake themselves to that dignified retirement; on the contrary, they first took quiet chambers in Shrewsbury, where Richard advertised himself, and commenced business as a solicitor; while Grace supervised both him and his clients; then they leased a piece of ground in the neighbourhood, and began to build a house of very decent dimensions out of the materials in the marshy hollow. By-and-by, it was evident to us all that Uncle Richard was an altered man; and that the change was much for the better. The most unmanageable of his domains in the roofless-cottage and ruined-barn line were pulled down, to help the building of his new home, or disposed of for like purposes; the best of them were by degrees repaired, and let to honest tenants: his own house was finished; he and his lady took possession, and furnished it wonderfully well, though with great complaints of the dear times. Uncle Richard's legal business increased, or at least his prosperity did; first, Mrs Richard had one servant, then she had two; a black silk dress replaced the well-mended stuff one; and the rheumatism was kept out of her head by a velvet hood, instead of the red flannel.

Time works wonders in all parts of the world, and so it did in ours, for the disgrace of the Ramshorns became their glory. Within ten years after my refusal to help Uncle Richard in making the fortune of the whole family with that hundred pounds I had in the Salop bank, I found myself quoting his sayings of wisdom, and setting forth his greatness on every opportunity. All the rest of his kindred were doing likewise, except Mrs Richard, *née* Cousin Grace: she had admonished him before marriage, and, excellent woman, she continued to admonish him after it; but their conjugal life was, on the whole, an easy one. They had no family, and they appeared to be getting rich, and we, every one, paid them court accordingly. Uncle Richard's days of oddity were over, but he had the gout sometimes; I suppose people must have something; and on those occasions of being laid up, he was partial to sending for my good father and

mother, who had been most considerate to him in the old times of relapse and restoration. When he couldn't sleep, they used to sit with him till far into the night; and at one of these sittings, as they told me, he made them an unexpected revelation.

'Robert,' said he, addressing my father, 'don't you remember what a nuisance I used to be to you and Emily, with my buying of old houses?'

'No; not exactly a nuisance,' said my prudent father.

'Oh, but I was. Many a time you wished me at Jericho; and you had good reason. I want to tell you something that will explain that matter; and I know you will keep the secret for all our sakes,' said Uncle Richard. 'When I was partner with Gammon and Gosling in the *Sharp and Smoothy* case—it must be thirty years ago now—there were two pedigrees to be made out, and bundles of papers and letters to be looked over for that purpose. The looking-over business fell to me; and among the letters, I found one addressed to Henry Sharp, Esq., dated St Germain, the 30th September 1720, and evidently written by a partisan of the exiled Stuarts, who still lingered there, and deplored, in the old-fashioned spelling of his time, besides the absence of the rightful king, that thirty thousand pounds worth of plate, jewels, and coin, which somebody, whom he called the most loyal K., had hidden in an old house in the County Salop, how it could not be discovered, nor any information about it obtained, since K. was lost at sea, and the secret went with him. On the blank side of the letter there was written in a different hand, which I found to be that of the late gentleman whose will was disputed: "The thirty thousand pounds worth has not been discovered yet, but I have reason to believe that the old house was in the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury." Messrs Gammon and Gosling never heard tell of that letter; but I read and thought over it night and day: it sent me after old houses, it made me what you know I was; and it and Grace helped me to find at last what the loyal K. had hidden in the cellar of that old house in the marshy hollow. Maybe I paid for it, through so many years; so did you, for that matter, Robert; but you and yours will be the better of it when Grace and I are gone.'

Lucy's children and mine were grown up, when my father and mother told me that tale. They believed it firmly, and so do I; for, though Richard and Grace are gone this many a year, I, as well as the rest of the Ramshorns, have excellent reason to remember my very odd uncle.

MAY CUSTOMS.

AMONG the Romans, this month was held in high estimation; it was by them assigned in honour of the *Majores*, or *Maiiores*, the senate; as June was to the *Juniore*s, or inferior branch of their legislature. Olaus Magnus says, 'that after their long winter, from the beginning of October to the end of April, the northern nations have a custom to welcome the returning splendour of the sun with dancing, and mutually to feast each other, rejoicing that a better season for fishing and hunting was approached.' It is stated by Ovid, in his *Fasts*, that May is an unlucky month in which to be married; and this idea is still prevalent in Europe. The Roman Floral Games, or *Floralia*, began on the 28th of April, and lasted for some days into May.

The festival among the Celts was called *Beltein*, in which fires were kindled on the hill-tops at night. An old Romish calendar cited by Mr Brand says that on the 30th of April the boys go out to seek May-trees: 'Maii arboros a pueris exquirunt.' The date of the institution of May-games in England during the middle ages cannot be traced. A poem of the fourteenth century, *The Romance of Kyng Alisaunder*, says:

Mery time it is in May;
The foulles syngeth her lay;
The knightles loveth the tornay;
Maydens so dauncen and thay play.

In Chaucer's *Court of Love*, we read:

Thus sange they alle the service of the feste
And that was done right early, to my dome [as I judged];
And forth goeth al the court, both moste and leste,
To fetch the floures freshe, and braunches, and blome;
And namely [especially] hawthorn brought both page
and grome,
With fresh garlandes party blew and white;
And than rejoysen in their grete delight,
Eek eche at other threw the floures bright,
The primerose, the violete, and the gold [marigold].

This extract shews that the king and queen mingled with their subjects in these fine old English customs. Henry VIII. and Catharine of Aragon once came from their palace of Greenwich to meet the heads of the corporation of London, who had been into the woods of Kent to gather May. The custom seems to have been for people to go into the woods in the night, gather branches of trees, flowers, &c., and return with them at sunrise to decorate their houses. Shakspeare (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act i. sc. 1) says:

If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night;
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance for a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

Spelman, in his Glossary, remarks that the court of King James I. and the populace long preserved the observance of the day. In a manuscript in the British Museum called *The State of Eton School* (1560), it is stated that on the feast of Saints Philip and James, if the master grants leave, the boys who choose may rise at four o'clock, to gather May-branches.

Stow tells us: 'In the month of May, the citizens of London of all estates, generally in every parish, had their several Mayings, and did fetch their May-poles with divers warlike shows; with good archers, morrice-dancers, and other devices for pastime, all day long; and towards evening they had stage-plays and bonfires in the streets. These great Mayings and May-games were made by the governors and masters of the city, together with the triumphant setting-up of the great shaft or principal May-pole in Cornhill before the parish church of St Andrew'—hence called St Andrew Undershaft. A dangerous riot, in which several foreigners were slain, took place on May-day 1517; and Stow, who died in 1605, complains that the festivities were not conducted with such magnificence as formerly. Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses* (1585), tells us that the May-pole was brought home with great ceremony: 'They have twentie or fourtie yoke of oxen, every ox having a sweete nose-gaie of flowers tied to the tip of his hornes,

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and these oxen drawe home the May-pole, their stinking idol rather, which they covered all over with flowers and hearbes, bound round with strings from the top to the bottome, and sometimes it was painted with variable colours, having two or three hundred men, women, and children following it with great devotion.' In the *Hours of Anne of Brittany* (1499), in the Bibliothèque Royale at Paris, there is a drawing of a curious May-pole. An engraving of this is given in Chambers's *Book of Days*, i. 575. The earliest representation of an English May-pole is depicted on a window at Betley in Staffordshire, of the time of Henry VIII. This pole is painted black and yellow, and has a St George's red-cross banner and a white pennon affixed to it. One standing in the village of Welford, Gloucestershire, is painted red, white, and blue, and is probably a copy of the ancient one. Machyn, in his *Diary* (1552), tells us of one brought into Fenchurch parish, 'a goodly May-pole as you have scene; it was painted whyte and green.' Owen, in his *Welsh Dictionary*, says that the pole was always made of birch.

Douce, in his *Illustrations of Shakespeare* (ii. 463), remarks that during the reign of Elizabeth the Puritans made considerable havoc among the May-games by their preaching and invectives. By a warrant of Charles I., dated October 18, 1633, it was enacted that 'for his good people's lawfull recreation, after the end of Divine service, his good people be not disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawfull recreation; such as dancing, either men or women; archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any other such harmless recreations; nor from having of May-games, Whitsun-ales, and merridances, and the setting up of May-poles, and other sports therewith used; so as the same be had in due and convenient time, without impediment or neglect of Divine service. And that women shall have leave to carry rushes to the church for the decorating of it, according to the old custom.' Eleven years after, the Long Parliament enacted that 'because the prophanation of the Lord's Day hath been heretofore greatly occasioned by May-poles (a heathenish vanity, generally abused to superstition and wickednesse), the Lords and Commons do further order and ordain that all and singular May-pole that are or shall be erected, shall be taken down and removed by the constables, borsholders, tything men, petty constables, and churchwardens of the parishes, when the same shall be; and that no May-pole shall be hereafter set up, erected, or suffered to be within this kingdom of England or dominion of Wales. The said officers to be fined five shillings weekly till the said May-pole be taken downe.'

In Randolph's *Poems* (1646) we find the following about the Puritans:

These teach that dancing is a Jezabel,
And Barley-break the ready way to hell;
The morice idols, Whitsun-ales, can be
But prophane reliques of a jubilee:
There is a zeal t' expresse how much they do
The organs hate, have silenced bagpipes too;
And harmless May-poles all are raised upon
As if they were the towers of Babylon.

In the *Welsh Levite tossed in a Blanket* (1691), cited by Brand, we have a like passage: 'I remember the blessed times when everything in the world that was displeasing and offensive to the

brethren went under the name of horrid abominable popish superstition. Organs and May-poles, bishop's courts and the bear-gardens, surplices and long hair, cathedrals and playhouses, set forms and painted glass, fonts and apostle spoons, church musick and bull-baiting, altar-rails and rosemary on brawn, nay, fiddles, Whitsun-ales, pig at Bartholomew Fair, plum-porridge, puppet-shows, carriers' bells, figures in gingerbread, and at last Moses and Aaron, the Decalogue, the Creeds, and the Lord's Prayer. A crown, a cross, an angel, and bishop's head could not be endured so much as in a sign. Our garters, bellows, and warming-pans wore godly mottos, our bandboxes were lined with wholesome instructions, and even our trunks with the Assembly men's sayings. Ribbons were converted into Bible-strings. Nay, in our zeal we visited the gardens and apothecaries' shops. *Unguentum Apostolicum*, *Carduus benedictus*, *Angelica*, *St John's Wort*, and *Our Ladie's Thistle* were summoned before a class, and commanded to take new names. We unsainted the apostles.'

In May-day 1661, the May-poles were again erected all over the country, amid the joyous shouts of the delighted populace.

The most famous pole of that time was erected in the Strand, opposite Somerset House. It is stated to have been one hundred and thirty-four feet high, and sent expressly for the purpose by the Duke of York. Pope thus alludes to it:

Where the tall May-pole once o'erlooked the Strand.

It was taken down about 1717, and purchased by Sir Isaac Newton, who had it removed to Wanstead in Essex, to use as a support to the great telescope (one hundred and twenty-four feet in length) which had been presented to the Royal Society by the French astronomer, M. Hugon.

We must not forget to mention that a Queen of the May was always elected, probably intended as a living representative of the goddess Flora. The custom still survives in France. In many parts of England at the present day, children come to the houses carrying garlands of flowers and singing carols. Here is an example:

Remember us, poor Mayers all,
And thus do we begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.

We have been rambling all this night,
And almost all this day,
And now returned back again,
We have brought you a branch of May.

A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands,
It is but a sprout, but it's well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

The hedges and trees they are so green,
As green as any leek;
Our heavenly Father he watered them
With his heavenly dew so sweet.

The heavenly gates are open wide,
Our paths are beaten plain,
And if a man be not too far gone,
He may return again.

The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower;
We are here to-day and gone to-morrow,
And we are dead in an hour.

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a
light
A little before it is day;
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May!

At Charlton-on-Otmoor, near Oxford, at this time of the year, there is still kept up a beautiful ceremony, the crowning of the cross in the parish church with flowers on May-day. The parish maidens, all dressed in white, bring the 'May-Cross' to the church in procession, and place it where the old rood-loft stood. The cross is allowed to remain there all the year round. Morris-dancers formerly took a chief part in the May festivities. These were derived from the Moors, hence the name (Morisco, a Moor). They generally consisted of Maid Marian, or Queen of the May, Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, the Fool, Robin Hood's Men (Scarlet, Stokesley, and Little John), Tom the Piper, and the Hobby-horse.

In Coates's *History of Reading* (1802, p. 220), in the churchwarden's accounts of St Lawrence parish is the following entry: '1531.—It. for fyve ells of canvas for a cote for Made Maryon, at III^d. ob. the ell, XV^d. ob.'—In Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier* (1620, p. 11), that effeminate-looking young man, we are told, used to act the part of Maid Marian, 'to make the foole as faire, forsooth, as if he were to play Maid Marian in a May-game or a morris-dance.' After a time, Maid Marian was always personated by a clown, and afterwards called Malkin, as:

Put on the shape of order and humanity,
Or you must marry *Malkyn* the May lady.
Beaumont and Fletcher in *Monsieur Thomas*.

Robin Hood was a very popular character among the morris-dancers. Douce thinks 'the introduction of Robin Hood into the celebration of May, probably suggested the addition of a king or lord of May.' In the churchwarden's accounts of St Helen's, Abingdon, 1566, we find eighteenpence charged for setting up Robin Hood's bower. Bishop Latimer, in his sixth sermon before King Edward VI., mentions the following anecdote: 'I came once myself to a place, riding a journey homeward from London, and sent word over-night into the town that I would preach there in the morning, because it was a holy-day; and I took my horse and my company, and went thither. (I thought I should have found a great company in the church); when I came there, the church door was fast locked. I tarried there half an hour and more; at last the key was found, and one of the parish comes to me and says: "This is a busy day with us; we cannot hear you: this is Robin Hood's day; the parish is gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood." I thought my rochet would have been regarded, though I were not; but it would not serve, but was fayne to give place to Robin Hood's men.'

Friar Tuck was habited as a monk of the Franciscan order, or one of the Gray Friars. Perhaps the name was a sort of generic appellation for any friar, originating from the dress of the order, which was *tucked* or folded at the waist by means of a cord.

The Fool, of course, was in great requisition at the dances. In Tolle's window he appears with all the badges of his office—the bauble in his hand, and a cockcomb hood, with asses' ears, on his head.

Brand quotes an old ballad giving the names of the companions of Robin Hood:

I have heard talk of Robin Hood—
Derry, derry, derry down,
And of brave *Little John*,
Of Friar Tuck and *Will Scarlet*,
Stokesley, and Maid Marian—
Hey down, &c.

Douce says Little John is first mentioned together with Robin Hood by Fordun the Scottish historian, who wrote in the fourteenth century.

Lastly, we have the hobby-horse, made of paste-board, and ridden by a man who often displayed tricks of legerdemain. A ladle stuck in the horse's mouth received the spectators' donations. The earliest representation of this character is believed to be in the painted window at Betley. In later times, the fool appears to have performed this office. In Nashe's play of *Will Summer's Last Will and Testament*, Will Summers is made to say: 'You, friend, with the hobby-horse, goe not too faste, for fear of wearing out my lord's tyle-stones with your hob-nayles.'

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

Di, majorum umbris teneum et sine pondere terram,
Spirantes que crocos, et in urna perpetuum ver,
Qui preceptorum sancti voluere parentis
Eas loco.—*Juvenal*.

Ours Academe, whose massive towers
Look forth upon the narrow sea,
Must lose its Master. Pleasant hours
Of happy toil remember we,
When came upon the summer gale
Rich memories of the Attic time—
Of joyous Tempe's fragrant clime—
Of sweet Colonus' nightingale.

And though from other lips we hear
Of the island-studded seas that kiss
Those rocky shores, and eddy clear
About immortal Salamis—
Though Plato's lore for us be set
In golden English, even now—
We still shall miss his thoughtful brow;
His teaching never shall forget.

For he who gives to glowing youth
Those glimpses of th' heroic time,
Those never-changing laws of truth
And wisdom, which may make sublime
The deeds of man, holds higher place
Than sceptred ruler of a realm,
Or he whose fiery-crested helm
Bears conquest o'er a trampled race.

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